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# A Broken Southern Tale



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## Chapter 1 by Christina Adkins

The cast iron kettle whistles loudly on the stove. I bought Momma one of those nice Stainless Steel ones last Christmas but she refuses to take it out of the box. She said her old faithful original reminded her of simpler times, of her Momma. When I was little I would sit in the kitchen when Momma and Daddy would argue and run my hands up and down the spout, the touch of the meal cool against my hand, even on the hottest of summer days. It was how I coped. I would count how many times I could stroke the handle and spout of the tea kettle while I stood there, distracting myself from words like "Worthless" and "Broke", shouts making their way into through the walls.

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